The Printer to the Reader.

READER, here is a Lecture long since taught,
which in those days of madness went for nought.
Hardly a man but then did it despise,
Because (not all a Mode) full stuff'd with Lies.
Strange contradictious days, where truth and reason
went for Malignancy, and Guilt, and Treason.
Nothing in fashion then but Blood, and he
That durst be Loyal must a Martyr be,
Nay, Majesty it self could not escape,
But on the Royal Throne it self you fore'd a Rape:
The Crown, the Miter, and the Gown must go,
Since the new Kirk and State will have it so.
This was your blessed Doctrine, which being done
Come we at last to th' application:
Where to your Comfort, it doth shew you plain
Of all your Acts, the merit and the gain.
Here you may see the true expence and charge
Of Treason and Rebellion set at large:
Here you may know what new Religious cost,
And what you gain'd now that the old was lost:
Here is the price of freedom, and how free
You have been since you paid for't, you may see,
Here you may see the difference 'twixt old Preachers
And the new Saints, which you must name your Teachers:

Here you may find every particular thing,
That you have gain'd in lieu of Church and King;
All the brave Trophees both of Kirk and State,
That you have purchas'd at so dear a Rate.
The price of Blood, and Treason in a few years
And what ye'ave paid for Jelousies and Fears?
All this with more, I could to you relate
And what become of all your Gold and Plate;
But I should wrong the Author, whose intent
Is to demonstrate what you have got, or spent.

A D

AD POPULUM:

YE dull Idolaters, have ye *yet* bent
Your Knees enough to your Dagon-Parliament?
When will ye give us liberty to say
Yee'r reconcil'd to the *Apocrypha*,
And believe *Bel* an Idoll? Do ye yee
Discern the Foot-steps of the Small and Great
In the ashy Pavement; who, while *you* stand
Half-starved by, devour the Fat o'th Land?
Gross Ass of *Issachar*, poor hackney Clown!
Betwixt two Burthens wilt thou still couch down?
Hath not the Son of *Beor*, that false Seer,
Yet rid thee low enough, but thou must bear
Repeated Loads? how truly art thou brought
Into a streight, now, where no humane thought
Of turning either way can cherish't be?
When wilt thou see the Angel, and speak free?
Balaam enrag'd, thrice smot his tyred Ass,
But had no Sword, he wish't for one Alass!
Thy rider needs not wish, his Hand doth hold
A two edg'd Blade, with which having switch't the old,

Lean

Lean, blind, and Lame, that thou doest groan beneath
Thy Cares, thy Bowels he will make his Sheath.
And much good do it ye with your Misery;
Ne're did a fond young Amorist long to lie
By's Mistress side so much as you to be
Possest of your belov'd Calamity.
And faith *she has pay'd your Soulter*, pluckt you bare,
Not left you Eyes, nor Teeth, nor Nails, nor Hair:
The Kingdom's Bridg-Politique is broken too,
And not your Lecters only snuffle now;
The Cancro almost is Epidemical.
NB Be this my prayer, may they so prosper all,
Who with unworthy private base Intents,
So run a whoring after Parliaments:
For 'tis concluded by the graver Bench
That *Babylon*'s Strumpet's now the Sounder Wench.
Good heavy Mule, you were too well, when ease
And happy plenty from the Land and Seas
Drop't on your head, which kind heaven rained down
By th' blessed Influence of a Monarch's Crown:
But long'd to try which were the better Thing,
Five hundred Tyrants, or one gentle King.
NB Tell me experienc't Fools, did not your days
Glide smoothlier on, when in your harmless Plays
Ye *Haltred Finch*! sold *salt fish to the Court*,
And *Bob'd your Brother* gently but in sport?
When ye had *shorter Sermons, longer Prayers*,
And *fought the good Saint* Dennis, not your Mares:
When the plump Dumpling (like a floating Isle)
Swam in your own dear Allægre, the while
Your Daughter *Alice* in love with *John*, forsooth,
Staring in's Face though wide, yet miss'd her Mouth;

When

When no grim Saucy Troopers did ye harm,
No fiercer Dragon, who no strangers Arm,
Did retch your yellow Bacon, nor envy
The richness of your Chimney a Tapestry;
When good Dame *Ellen* (your beloved Spouse)
Bare to the elbow in the Dairy house,
With fragrant Leeks did eat the Cheese she wrought;
Not sent it to the Garison for nought.
O those were Golden days! all things were quiet,
While *Pym* did whisper Treason for his Diet
At *Knightlyes* House, and honest *Dick* and he
In private exercis'd their Lechery;
Who each Good-Friday, ('gainst the Church a Charm)
Were sure to have a holy Sinner warm:
With which Sweet Flesh, e're they had ought to do,
They sanctified it with a Grace or two.
But see what love of Liberty affords,
And the strange Lusting after new coin'd words;
How much the better are ye now, I pray,
That ye with much expence have learn'd to say
Quarter for *Lodging*, and can wisely well
What *Carbine* signifies, and *Granado* tell?
Which would have pass'd with you the other day,
For Six legg'd Monsters out of *Africa*:
And with a painted cloth, have made a merry
Holborn-bridge Jigg, or Fool-Trap in the City.
Was not your Ale as brown, as fat your Beef,
E're *Plunderer* was English for a Thief?
Poor Souls! unto your ruin ye are bent,
Yee've gain'd a Word, lost a Commandment.
A glorious Exchange: and we do fear
Kimbolton too was purchased too dear;

For

For though we yield it hath a rumbling sound,
Yet 'tis scarce worth *five hundred thousand pound*:
The getting of which word by heart, some guess,
Hath stood the Kingdom but in little less;
A word of that rough hair men look to know,
E're they come near it, and whole host'd or no;
Had *Daniel* known but there it would have made him spare
The expence of's boiled Pitch, his Fat, and Hair;
For, arm'd with that alone, he might with safe
Have choak'd the *Dragon*, without help of these.
But these your Apples were, yet would be wise
Though with the hazard of your Paradise,
It is the greatest Misery of Mankind
Fortune at once makes Happy and makes Blind.
How richly were ye bleſt in House and Field
With all the store that a fat Land could yield,
While heartily ye did in every place
At the Kings Name, cry out, *God save his Grace*,
Not bless the Godly Parliament; Ye then
Were not enslav'd, but free-born *Englishmen*;
Your Stacks of Corn were then your own; nay more,
Ye durst lay claim then to the cloaths ye wore:
Your Wives blew Ruff, and Stammel Petti-coat
(In Statute-Lace, which cost her many a Groat
While any Statute was in use) then lay
In quiet Lavender till the next high Day:
Your Sunday Cloak, as then did not miscarry,
But sure it was to be i'th Inventory,
When weary of this life, you had the hap
With a warm Pepper-poller and a Cap
To leave the world, for writing which the Vicar
Receiv'd his Twelve-pence and a Cup of Liquor.

Those

Those days are gon, your crests are fallen down,
And now your journies to the Market-Town
Are not to sell your Pease, your Oats, your Wheat,
But of Nine Horses stoln from you t'intreat
But one to be restor'd: and this ye do
To a buff'd Captain, or perhaps unto
His surly Corporal, with the same degree
Of cringing and sordid Idolatry
Ye used in the former days to fall
Prostrate unto your Land-Lord in his Hall,
When with low Legs, and in an humble guise
Ye offer'd up a Capon Sacrifice
Unto his Worship at a New-years-Tide:
For which t'th Buttery having stuff'd your hide
With store of drink, as heedless as t'was cold,
(Which nothing but an Asses Hoof could hold)
Ye took your leave, making your three long Stretches,
One to himself, Two to his Velvet Breeches,
No more, no more shall ye take pleasant journies
(The Tempters at your Elbows, Your Attornies)
Twice by the year to the Shire-Town, and there
O'rthrow a Parson, Drink drunk, and forswear
Your selves, which being done, go home and cry
The Common-wealth's bound to your industry.
No more, no more shall ye in Triumph say
A *Pickering*, a *Cromwell*, and a *Wray*
At your Knights choice, nor which appear'd most fine
The bounteous Conduits run pure Claret Wine;
Which were good Breathings from Affliction,
Like comely Stops in an Oration,
Which interval'd your Grief: but now ye lye
Under a scourging Perpetuity.

Destroying you by Whole-Sale, in such sort,
For your undoing, neither wine nor sport
Shall be allow'd ye. When ye joy'd to see
Gods Altars pulled down by a Decree
Of *Omri*, and his holy Temples made
Worse then your Stables sordidly betray'd
To Filth (our Kingdoms everlasting Stain,)
The carved works torn down by the Profane;
When ye beheld the Houses of your King,
His Ships, Towns, Castles, nay his every Thing,
Detain'd from him, could ye so foolish be
To think that your poor Cottages could be free?
When ye did daily hear such foul Disgrace,
Such Blasphemies thrown in th' Almighties Face,
From out your Pulpits, and did thither run,
Chirping upon your Lecturers while 'twas done;
When 'twas your Joy to see Gods Service fall,
Or worship't slovenly, or not at all:
When ye so chearfully did entertain
Such Lies and Slanders 'gainst your Soveraign,
Who could bewitch ye into so much Trust
To think your Honour should not lie i'th Dust?
Or that your Fourty Marks, to which ye were born,
In Soccage, could redeem ye from just Scorn?
When with a Solemn Gladness ye did break
The holy Sept, and did no difference make
'Twixt the unhallowed and the hallow'd Land,
Could you believe that your own walls should stand?
Or that a Bore (the Fence being broken through)
Should not lay wast and spoil your Vine-yards too?
That Man plants Hedges 'bout himself in vain,
Who lays in common Sacred and Profane.

When

When your learn'd Priests made guilty of all ills,
Like Partridges were hunted on the Hills,
By Painted-chamber and Committee Men, (then?
Where were your Tears? where was your Sack-cloath
It was your Game to see't, each Bush was beat,
And not a common Mouth but cryed Retreat
And see the Fruit of it, your Quarry now,
Like *Straits* Quailes, peeps through your Nostrils too;
Your Clergies Scorn is prov'd your Plague, and will.
Go, Go, make Bonefires now, let every Hill
Shine with your Idol-Flames, and every Grove
Be fill'd with Sisters, Zeal, Joy, Pigs, and Love;
Let *wifelons* Turk and Pope, the rest among
For *Ave* amidst the Brethern now be sung;
Arch-Deacon *Cromwell's* Visitation
Hath cleansed all (in whose pure Veins doth run
Th'reforming Blood and Vertues of his Grand
Parent, that man of Iron, whose rough Hand,
Arm'd with his Fathers Hammer, at one blow
Made many a stately Abbey lie full low)
Who in one godly march upon his way
(Help'd by his Surrogate the good ———
Five Crosses kill'd, Five Books of Common-Prayers,
Five Surplices, Five Fiddles, and Five Bears.
Bless'd Reformation! And the time will come
When Apes as well as Bears shall have their Doom,
And Badgers Fur grow cheap. Deluded Elves,
Where are those days you promis'd to your selves,
When ye should drink Sack from your own plump well,
And all your Ditches should run Muskadel?
The Bishops Votes are gone, great *Strafford* lies,
To appease the Base a Noble Sacrifice,

And yet in sadness (Sirs) I cannot find
That it rains Fritters yet, or that the Wind
On his soft Wing brings Spices from the *East*,
Without our Ships, or Ingots from the *West*:
Nature is still the old slow Thing she was,
And gravely brings her business to pass
By Sober temperate steps; she does not yet
Ride Post, make Sauce and Puddings at a Heat:
Nor does our Mother Earth's kind Bowels yield
Us Chines of Beef, yet, or the Brawny Shield,
As Fens do Turf, for Digging: the same course
She still observes, only 'tis something worse.

You thought 'twas brave to rule, and therefore laid
That burden on your own, which God had made
For greater Shoulders; Ye injoy'd no rest
Till your High-Constable was above your Priest;
Angry ye were, and did accuse the Fates
For making of ye Subjects, and not States;
Which ye determined to alter, and
Resolv'd your own, not Heavens Decree should stand;
Inrag'd, ye had it in your heart to stone them,
Moses and *Aaron* took too much upon them;
Ye could not sleep, nor yet in quiet lie
Till an Ord'nance took place of sacred Writ:
Ye'ave almost your whole wish: and, faith, confess,
What ye have got: come, be ingenuous:
Would ye not give the best Horse in your Team
The twelve years past were but a fearful Dream,
And long your Resurrection, that ye might
Retake that Manna once ye let so light?
We'l not deny't, many great Grievances,
And Scarlet Sins were nourish'd, such as these:

Land-

Land-Lords exacted Rents, the Priests were grown
So proud, they call'd th'tenth of our crop their own;
The Spiritual Courts in every corner rife,
A carnal exercise with a Neighbours Wife
Could not be had, but straight they made us stand
Pin'd in a Linnen Bag with a white wand,
Betraying so our Christian Liberty,
Which gives us Title unto all we see.

Gross Innovations in Religion too
Were frequent grown; O what a Tedious do
Have some Sir *Johns* made, that they might recal
That Superstitious, hypocritical,
That Popish Trick of praying on the Knee,
As if God joy'd in's Servants Misery;
Troubling the ease and quiet of the Saints,
(A hainous crime, and exciting fad complaints)
Whose Pastors should be such as might the best,
Mark out and typifie eternal Rest;
Those Idol-Altar Books, stuft full of Cradles,
Bound up in Silver And Christian Bodies,
Made of the Whore of *Babylons* Thimbles, stood
Preaching aloft to grace their God of Wood;
And men began to prize them more, then either
The powerful *Book* of his Holy Pen-Mate *Eleven*.
Sad times the while may (worse is this then *Turks*)
The *Arminian* Preachers had so cryed up Works,
That foolish men (to evil were the Days)
Began to make a conscience of their Ways,
Now blest us all, we were in very Road
To *Rome*, and shortly should have worshipt God,
By our Idolatrous Fore-Fathers rear'd,
Churches, in deed, began to be repair'd,

Nay

Nay more to be adorn'd; Weep, weep mine eyes!
This is a roaring sin, a sin that cries!
And had not this been stopt, there had been found
Who would have sworn they'd stood on holier ground
Then a Justice Parlour, on whose cushion lie
A *Dalton*, and *Practice of Piety*
To sanctifie the Room, and purge from sin,
The Bribes his Country Visitours bring in:
The Corporation Custard, which before
(As the fierce Seas curb'd by the Sandy Shore)
Did check the fluent Left'rers heaving vein,
And call'd the Spirit into his Bounds again,
Aw'd by the Plumbroath every hour
Lost more and more still of it's wonted Power,
And though the Sisters daily did supply
With Sighes and Eggs to make the Gusto high,
Yet 'twould not do: Pride, pride, the Clergies Pride,
(Which I assure ye, Sirs, was at Spring Tide)
Had got that growth, they did not blush to say
They would not Preach to please the People, they.
Rank Heresie, if good *Mris Henderson*
Can tell what Heresie is ——————
How saucy were they grown, who dar'd to Preach
Th' Elect could no? O most abhorred Breach
Of th' Faithfuls Priviledge! and that Gods Sheep
Were not whom *Marshal* brands, but they who keep
Th' Impossible Commandments. Beside,
They taught the way to Heaven, was not so wide
That a First-Table Saint, who with a Brother
Faithful and call'd, made bold to break the other,
Could croud her belly in: therefore in scorn,
To take it up they advis'd each night and morn,

She should in humble manner, soft and fair,
Walk by the Brook of Penance, and then air,
Her self 'bout weeping cross, early and late,
To fit her body for the narrow Gate:
Maliciously they taught that no man given
To Fleshly Lust, so dying should see Heaven,
Uncomfortable Doctrines sure they were,
Enough to make the Godly to despair.
Who using th'Creature freely, as their own,
(As 'tis indeed) are often very prone;
Yet notwithstanding that look to be Heirs
Of Heavens joy too, for verily all is Theirs.
Nor will the Priest e're better Manners have
So long as Tithes are left to feed the Knave, (whence
Those Villainous Tithes, th' *Egyptians Flesh-pots*,
They loath the *Manna* of Benevolence.
Alass poor Fools! we know not what we loose
When we do part with our Tenth Lamb and Goose,
Surely there's Witch-craft in't, the very Fat
And Marrow of our Substance lies in that,
Being the Top of Numbers, and 'tis thought
Through close Malignant Veins to it are brought
Sinews and strength from th' Brawny *Hercules*,
From whom that Heathenish Custom first did rise,
For mark, and ye shall find the plump Divine
Grow fat by th' Tenth, we lean by th' other Nine;
Which Nature teacheth too, look on the Sea
And she her Tithe in the Tenth Wave doth pay,
Lustier then all the rest, as if she meant
To Seal that Number with a Sacrament.
What 'ere the matter be, it is a Gem
Unknown to us, but far too rich for Them.

Therefore

Therefore 'tis fit Committees should be sent

That the beloved Matron might prick on
Her learn'd and Antiquated Champion,
(Like a *French* Chimny-Sweeper) t'creep once more
Into *Cottons* Library through the back door,
And fetch from thence a Dose of *Syriack* Rust,
Soot *Arabick Ana*, and of Eastern Dust
Enough to cast into the Peoples Eyn,
They may not see Tithes to be things Divine.
For while they'r bold to vent such daring words,
That not our Trencher feeds them, but the Lords,
Be confident of this (such is their Pride,)
His business shall be done, ours laid aside.
All this is true, but pray ye Neighbours say,
While those light Burthens on your Shoulders lay
Had ye not merrier Days? the King and Law
Call'd for some Brick indeed, but gave ye Straw;
The Ship-Money was a weight, well, yield it so;
Since that was damn'd, does the World better grow?
Have ye no Burthens now? O happy Men!
The twentieth Part ye have paid, the fifth, and when
Your new-Task-Masters shall be pleas'd to call,
And say ye are Delinquents, Farwel All;
New Victories coyn'd to cheat ye every hour,
Your Purse must bleed so long as they have Power
To lie, your Taxes to the Garrisons,
The Pressing and the Slaughter of your Sons:
Secret Benevolences, and to these
To top up all, but fifty Subsidies.
Are these no Burthens? Let me pitty you,
Sad Souls! for only that is left ye now;

Happy

Happy ye were and might have so abode,
Had ye not kneel'd like Camels for your Load:
They ne're had risen had you kept your State,
Till ye were wretched, they could not be Great.
Therefore as crafty Glaziers, who retain
Night-walking Drunkards in a *Pension*,
That when the Darkness and the Drink command,
Windows may fall, that their frail Trade may stand:
Or seeming Conjurers, who have Thieves in Pay,
So dealt the cunning Men with you, for they,
That their great skil in Surgery might be crown'd,
And their rare Balsom sought for, made the Wound.
Who (like the meaner Stars which hidden lie
While the World's look't on by the Heavens sole eye)
That they might be ador'd, and appear Bright,
Resolv'd to turn the Globe, and make it night.
And good Night Land-Lord, when will it be Day?
('Tis hard to give, easier to take away.)
So faint our hopes be that the sprightly Morn
Should evermore make her desir'd Return,
That they have hardly left a Cock to say
To our sad Hearts, Cheer up, it will be Day:
Or call us to Repentance for the sin
We have so long securely slumber'd in,
The Denial of our Lord. At first indeed
They play'd with you, as with a new-back'd Steed,
Nor did they think it fit to fill your Eye
With the whole Scene of your large Misery,
But drew the Curtain by degrees, 'Twas light,
Your burthen then, to bear a Beard-less Knight
Upon your back, what was it, errant Gulls,
To think that Calves in time would not prove Bulls?

Or that like *Milo* you should grow in height
Of strength and Sinew, as your Load in weight?
Of your own Armes bowl could ye think to rid,
When a bold Ring-master ore'e they should stand?
No, no, each man of them is grown to spread
(Upon the common stock of Fat things fed)
That the all-bearing, who the Heavens doth bear,
Hoist under shell, horns of them comes There.
Nine dozen of bread dind the young Elephant,
Whom, when he had more years and volum, scant
A Tun would satisfie; Change but the Name,
The Fable's Theirs, and they confess the same,
Who are about to geld the Members now.
(What will the Legislative Ladies do?)
For since that thither the new-rais'd Exeate,
The Sequestrations (though they high do rite)
Their Staple of Plunder, nor yet fetch't of lace
To buy the wicked Cheaniers's Estate,
Can fill them all, they are resolved to bare
Something in lumber as they thrive in weight.
(So have I seen good Husbands, when they found
Unnecessary Steerage clogg their ground,
Pull down out-houses, that they might not be
Charg'd with Repairs, where they no profit see)
As if they meant to let ye understand
That five and twenty now can spoil the Land.
All this and more, ye cannot chuse but see,
And will ye still court your own Misery?
Return, return unto your God and King,
Obedient hearts, and fair Peace-Offerings bring,
So shall your weary shoulders soon be eas'd,
For with such Sacrifices both are pleas'd.

O be Prophane no more, no more defile
Gods Temples, nor tread on the ſacred Oyl
Which doth anoint both King and Prieſt; no more
Caſt amorous Glances on that painted Whore,
Who ſits at *weſtminſter*, and 'mongſt the reſt,
Hath alſo this known Character of the Beaſt,
She in a Temple maketh her abode,
Lifting herſelf 'bove all that's called God:
But ſet your Love on them, who for your good
Are met to hazard both Eſtates and Blood,
The *Oxford Parliament*; for, if there be
At this time any, ſurely that is ſhe.
Be no more frighted from all Piety
Under a falſe Notion of Popery;
That Maſk is ſtale; call it no more *The Cauſe*,
Or Chriſtian Liberty to have no Laws:
In point of Faith, take heed how ye appeal
To the New Goſpel made by *SAY* and *SEAL*,
Let *Davids* Pſalms be above *Sternholds* Meter,
And *Wrays* Occaſionals yield to Saint *Peter*,
Set up Church Diſcipline anew, be wiſe;
(For ſince that fell your Daughters Bellies riſe:)
Grow Charitable again, let not your Hate
And private ſpleen bring forth a publick Fate:
So ſhall ye happy be, and ſoon return
The Nations Envy, who are now their ſcorn:
Take up at laſt, then learn to underſtand
The Plow and Scepter are not for one Hand.

FINIS.